DEMOCRATIC PRI

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RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

heart.

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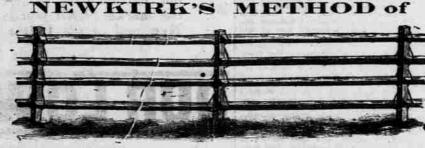
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which can't be disputed. If you don't believe BEST OF MEATS it, call and examine them.

FRANK MCTYE. REASONABLE PRICES. Three Doors East of Town Hall.

The Two Glasses. There were two gineses, filled to the brim, On a rich man's fable, rim to rim. One was ruidly and red as blood. And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paier brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mrt's.
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by

blight,
Where I was a king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the erown; From the hights of fame I have hurled men down.
I have blasted many an honored name:
I have taken virtue and given shame.
I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
That has heade his juture a barren waste.
Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

"I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shricks of the lost were sweet to me.
For they said: 'Behold, how great you be?
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you
fail. For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad—
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved.
I've leaped through the valley, dashed down
the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain, tain, Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the And everywhere gladdened the landscape and I have made the parched meadow grow fertile I have made the parened meadow grow letter with grain.

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill That grinds out flour and turns at my will; I can tell of manhood debased by you, That I lifted up and crowned anow.

I cheer, I help, I strengthen, and ald; I gladden the heart of man and maid; I set the wine-chained captive free, And all are better for knowing me."

A WOMAN'S SPITE.

My waltz, I think, Miss Neville?" Kate Neville turned at the sound of Roy Palmer's soft voice, and without a word laid her hand on his arm; a minute later they had joined the

As they moved in perfect step to throbbing music that filled the air, Kate could feel Roy's heart beating heavily, and the clasp of his hand grew close and tender. complete silence they finished their dance; but as they paused near a window, Roy bent down to his

"My darling, I cannot let you leave my arms," he whispered passionately. A wild thrill ran through the girl; the crimson blood swept over her cheek, but she bravely lifted her eyes to his, with all her heart in them.

There was a flash of light in his dark eyes while his heart exultingly

He drew a deep breath; he dared not speak, but stood with close-set teeth mastering himself.

The silence was broken by the ap-pearance of a gentleman, who claimed Kate for the next waltz. Roy watched her as she moved away, his love plainly shining in his eyes, entirely unconscious that other flashing angry eyes were watching him.

Just outside the window sat a girl with clenched hands and set teeth, and a heart sick with anger. She had heard that passionate whisper, and the knowledge that the man that she worshiped had given his love to another roused in her the wildest

"Marry her! I would like to see you!" she muttered between her teeth. "If I am not to be your wife, neither shall she. Ah, my dear sir, I will wring your heart this night-ay, now."

"Mr. Palmer!" she called. At the sound of his name, Roy turned and saw the young lady who had drawn "Why, Miss Merrill, how can you re-

sist that music?" he said, as he stepped through the low window. "I am so tired," she returned. "And it is so deliciously cool here, that I staved to rest." She was mistress of all the arts and

wiles of a finished woman of the world, and she used all her skill to keep him Bright and witty, her comments upon things and people amused Roy in spite

"Ah, there goes Kate Neville!" she exclaimed, as Kate appeared in sight. "How beautiful she looks to-night! By the way, what has become of Mr. who was so attentive to her the winter before last? Do you re. puting the fact that the means exist-Roy bit his lip; but, forcing down his

moyance, he answered:
"I know Stanley well, but I never "Did you spend the winter in Mentone two years ago?" asked Cora. "I was abroad all that winter,"

"Well, I spent two months there. met Miss Neville everywhere, and Mr. Stanley was her shadow, much to my surprise, for I had always credited him with more sense.

"What do you mean?" asked Roy "Why, I was puzzled to know what attraction such a girl could have for a man so refined as Mr. Stanley. She nade no secret of her fondness for eigarettes, and I myself have seen her drink more champagne than many men vould venture to take at one time, and vet Mr. Stanley seemed determined to

"And did he succeed?" asked Roy. Large drops of perspiration stood thickly on his forehead, and his hands were clenched.

"I suppose he would, if he had not dropped her so suddenly. No one ever seemed to know what the trouble was, but there is no doubt that one of her mad escapades thoroughly disenchant: He left the city very suddenly. and Miss Neville was followed everywhere by another suitor. However I think it was a lesson to her, for she has been more circumspect this winter. Ah, here comes my partner, and I expect you are delighted, for I fear I have bored you nearly to extinc-

And with a gay little laugh, Cora Merrill swept away, fully conscious of the anguish she left behind her. Poor Roy! he fell straight into the trap. He never for a moment be-lieved the girl would deceive him; and yet it seemed impossible that Kate, whom he had believed to be almost perfect, was deceifful, bold, and coarse. As he entered the room he came face to face with Mrs. Latimer, an old

cannot join us as he expected."

Here was an opening for him to escape meeting Kate.

Instantly he accepted the invitation,

then said somewhat abruptly:
"Mr. Stanley was at one time, I lieve, a great admirer of Miss Neville?" Mrs. Latimer appeared greatly em-"That was an unfortunate affair,

He went home, and spent the most miserable night of his life.

As the minutes passed, and Roy did not appear to claim the remaining dances she had promised him, Kate's heart grew heavier and heavier. With a supreme effort she concealed her unhappiness; with witty repartee and merry laughter she hid an aching

But in the privacy of her own room she gave way to her grief.
"Oh, why did I let him look into my eyes and read my secret?" she cried in an agony of shame. And the poor girl burst into a passion

A few days later she heard that Roy had gone away for some time. As the weeks glided away, if Kate's lovely face grew t'sinner and paler, no The season was drawing to a close and she rejoiced at the prospect of leaving a city where she had suffered

With a heavy heart she dressed for the last reception she expected to attend. The rooms were crowded when she

ntered, and in the moving mass of humanity she failed to see Roy Palmer whose eves never left her face. Poor Roy! He had trained his heart for weeks, and it rose in rebellion the moment he saw the girl. He started like one shot as he

noticed a young man push his way to Kate's side It was Stanley. He bowed over Kate's hand with great empressement, and she welcomed

him warmly. With compressed lips Roy turned way, sick at heart. Later in the evening he met Stanley n the dressing-room. In some way Kate's name was introduced, and Stanley spoke of her in terms of great

"She is an old acquaintance, is she not? Roy asked. "No; quite the contrary. I have only known her a few weeks." "Do you mean to tell me you were not acquainted with Miss Meville two

winters ago?" demanded Roy. A crimson flush spread from Stanley's collar to the roots of his hair. "I expect you refer to a distant re-lative of this Miss Neville, who was here two winters ago, and who is a very different kind of a girl."

And with a hasty "good-night!" Stanley disappeared, without noticing how his information had affected Roy. The floor and ceiling seemed to mee before the eyes of the young man, and the things in the room chased each other in the wildest way. Giving himself a shake to restore his

swiftly downstairs. In a few minutes he was beside "Miss Neville, this is our waltz?" With a little gasp. Kate turned at the sound of the voice that four long weeks before had addressed her in almost the

same words. The suddenness of the too much for her; unresisting, she allowed him to lead her to a small reception-room. He closed the door, and then all the man's control left him.

"Oh, Kate, can you ever forgive mel Can I ever make you love me? Believe me, I have been mad!" And he certainly gave her good cause to think he was still in that unhappy Keeping her hands locked in his.

poured forth his story—incoherently, perhaps, but it left no doubt in Kate's ind of his love for her. Carefully she kept her face averted "Ah, my darling, is there nothing an do to win your forgiveness?" "No," she answered in a low tone

You forget I am a woman—"
"Kate, do not break my heart!" he inerrupted, catching his breath desper-"And to a woman who loves there is nothing to forgive," she finished in a whisper, hiding her face on his breast. Straining her to his heart, he laid his lips to hers, softly and tenderly, and in that moment was vouchsafed to

them a foretaste of heaven. The Population of China.

The population of China has been a matter of much discussion and doubt among foreigners. It has been claimed that the figures of the Chinese census are much too high. There is, however, no known reasons why the offi-cials of that country should exagger-ate their population, says the San Francisco Chronicle. There is no dising there for arriving at an accurate census are most ample. Every house must have a list of its inmates hung at its door, and a violation of this is visited with punishment. The impe rial and local taxes are based in part upon the numbers of the people. The most difficult task imposed upon the provincial rulers is the furnishing the nounts of money demanded by the imperial government, and any excess ive census return would only that difficulty. It is only a fair pre-sumption that if the census returns are incorrent they are too small rather

The census of 1875 gays the popula-tion of the empire 435,000,000. Since that time Tonquin has been lost with several million people, and Kashgaria has been reconquered. Among no people with any degree of civilization is the birth rate so high as in China, and, although the death rate in the densely crowded districts is very great,

there is every reason to presume there are now 450,000,000 people in China. These figures represent more than one-third of the population of the globe. It is a greater population than that of all Europe, and three times the number of people on the western continent. Even at these enormous fig-ures the average number of people to the square mile for the whole empire eighty-five—is not so high as in some parts of the United States.

In the great mountain ranges, on the arid plains of Kashgaria and the snowy regions of Mongolia and Man-churia, the population is sparse, but in the eight central provinces of Chin. oper-in the fertile, alluvial soilsthe population is denser and more crowded than in any other region of equal extent on earth. The villages there are almost beyond enumeration, and the numbers of walled cities in credible to those who have not seen them. In the two Kiang provinces at the mouth of the Yangtz river, with an area of 90,000 square miles, the population in 1875 was 72,000,000, and there were 125 walled cities.

The census of 1875 was taken when the richest portions of these two prov-inces had been devasted and depopuinces had been devasted and depopu-lated by the Taiping rebellion. Since that time there has been a great inpouring of people from other regions of the empire, especially from those districts where the famine of 1878 prevailed. The natural increase of population has also been very great, and it would be safe to say that these 90.000 square miles have now more than eighty million people.

Sara Bernhardt on Death.

Sara Bernhardt has written an article on "Death" for the San Francisco Examiner. Here are some of the things she says:
Li have a great love of death.

An actress must necessarily think omething about the end of existence, for she is so often called upon to portray it.
When one has begun to think on death, there are but two ways of act-

We can put our hands to our ears, shut our eyes, and run away from the

Or else we can look calmly into the hollow eyes of the death's head and accustom ourselves to that which must inevitably overtake us. No truly great actress can dispense with a special study of the death ago-ny and all the moods and feelings which lead up to the supreme moment.

If I have succeeded at all as an artist it has been because of this study.

The study of death is an art by itself and a very difficult art. The painter has living models before him, and here experience is the small-est element which he must take into

He sees with his eyes. He is not

time to die.

I have been compelled, therefore, in spite of my convictions, to indicate more strongly than I like the symptoms of poisoning.

But if you have noticed me well you

and even emphasized.

This is what an artist must do when the text is not sufficient for the pur-

Now, "Camille" is a great death. The nature of the story happily helped out the somewhat mediocre talent of the son of M. Dumas. By the very nature of the story, death is a prolonged one.

In addition I must concede that it is scattered senses, he turned and went

> I know that too well. My sister died just such a death. easily see, if you stop to think, that this ascenthese deaths must necessarily be more drifts toward the emerging stream of

artistic than those which end in contortions. And these latter are mere gymnastics; whereas such deaths as occur in plays like "Camille" require great knowledge and great art.

I have devoted two of my modest works of art to death works of art to death.

My painting, the "Young Girl and Death," was drawn from a model, all but the face, and, of course, death.

I cannot paint well. I do not pretend to do so. But my strong sympathy with the subject gave, I believe, the proper expression to that young

the proper expression to that young It is absolute innocence Death has her in his grasp, and, happy thing! she does not know it. My other work—the piece of sculp-ture, "After the Storm —is well done.

I am a fair hand at sculpture, and this time, at least, the clay responded to my touch.

An old fisherwoman is sitting with her drowned son in her lap. this time, at least, the clay responded her drowned son in her last. His limbs are not rigid. They are disposed as if in sleep. I have made him as beautiful as I knew how.

This poor boy had a brief struggle with the sca, and all was soon over As he lies in his mother's lap he is anaware of death. But look at the mother's face, drawn with grief and wrinkled with age. She casts a stony look at her dead

son and suffers that which no one can She knows death because she lives.

What's in a Name? Whether names are good or bad, ap-propriate or the opposite, it would seem that when they once become at all current or familiar, there is no such thing as shaking them off. We sup-pose that the name "Canada Thistle" will be used to the end of time, in this country, although it is well kown that this species of Cirsium is not indigen-ous to Canada, but to Europe, where it has been known for centuries under the common name of "Cursed Thistle," which is really an appropriate name.

Jerusalem Artichoke is another inappropriate and misleading name given to a North American plant introduced into English gardens about three hundred years ago from Canada, and under the name of Canada Potato. This species of Helianthus is neither an

artichoke nor a native of Jerusalem still these misleading names will probably cling to it for centuries to come. The misnamed Irish Potato is another valuable native plant, which may now be found growing wild on thous-ands of acres in New Mexico and Arizona, and although introduced into Great Britain under the name of "Virginia Potato," the more modern one of Irish Potato, given to it in derision, appears to have become the most popular. We have a common American bird generally called a Robin, but it does not belong to the same genus as the true Robin of Europe. But this is not half so bad as to be obliged to honor the Turks by calling a noble member of the feathered tribe a "Turkey." It is true we have some conso lation in knowing that the filthiest member is called a Turkey Buzzard. here are persons who have a hankering after common or popular names of things, and affect to dislike the true or scientific names, which are always the same among all the civilized nations, -American Agriculturiist.

It is a fact that a strong nest of bumblebees in a clover-field is worth \$20 to the owner, for these insects are the chief agents in fertilizing the bloss thereby insuring a heavy crop of seed. In Australia there are no bumblebeen of our kind, and they could not rais clover-seed there until they imported

Miss Mary Tillinghast, of New York, is one of the most successful of the women engaged in decorative art. Vanderbilt once paid her \$80,000 for inventing a new kind of tapestry hangings for his house. She also sup-

Forests and Rainfall. The tangle of decayed vegetation which covers the ground bence hat forest is of conside: his tass. On the top it consists an ogether of the decayed trunks, branches and leaves, but it shades downward into ordinary dark-colored soil, at a depth

ordinary dark-colored soil, at a depth of a few feet from the surface. This, the decay zone of the forest, lies between the boughs of the air and the branches of the roots. In it go on the most important actions which take place in our forests—actions which affect the history of land and sea. We shall therefore have to consider it in a somewhet paints king way. The most shall therefore have to consider it in a somewhat painstaking way. The most evident effect of this sheet of decaying wood and moss which feeds on the decay, is on the rainfall of the region which it mantles. When, after a season of drought, a copious rain falls on this spongy mass, the water is for a long time absorbed in the interstices, and does not flow to the rivers. Even in times of heavy rain the water is

and does not flow to the rivers. Even in times of heavy rain the water is slowly yielded to the streams; after a dry period of many weeks this sponge retains a good share of water. A like amount of water failing on tilled fields or prairies slips quickly away to the rivers and thence to the sea. The first result is that when the land is destitute of forests it sheds water like house roofs, breeding floods after every considerable rain, while in the forests the rain is only slowly yielded to the

He sees with his som.

Called upon to see with his som.

It is perfectly true that I have slept in a coffin. It was a very valuable experience. Nothing so thoroughly taught me the resignation of death as this apparently crude experiment.

A coffin is the modern symbol. It is a horrible object, and all our assois a horrible object, and all our assois a horrible object, and all our assois that, by hindering the escape of the rain-water to the rivers, it increases the actual rainfall of the country. To see the nature and importance of this origin of the country.

soon as they are stripped of the gar-ment of wood which has been upon

ure in their destructive power. Re-lieved of all restraint from fallen tim-

ber, of the close knit roots which im-

Where the Presidents are Buried

age;" Van Buren was buried at Kin-derhook; Harrison at North Bend, near Cincinnati; Polk at Nashville;

Faylor's remains are near Louisville.

illmore lies in Forest Lawn Ceme-

tery, Buffalo; Pierce was buried in

chanan at Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Lincoln's grave is near Springfield, Illinois; Johnson's at Greenville; Gar-field's at Cleveland. Ohio; Grant's at

Riverside, and Arthur's at Albany,

Origin of Honeymoon

It may not be generally known that

the word "honeymoon" is derived from the ancient Tentons, and means

drinking for thirty days after marriage

of metheglin, mead, or hydromel, a kind of wine made from honey. Attila,

celebrated King of the Huns, who

boasted of the appellation, "The Scourge of God," is said to have died

on his nuptial night from an uncommon effusion of blood, brought on by indulging too freely in hydromel at his wedding feast.

The term "honeymoon" now signifies the first month after marriage, or so much of it as is spent from home. John Tobin in "The Honeymoon" thus refers

This truth is manifest—a gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of a man's life;
To fools a torment, but of lasting boon
To those who wisely keep their honeymoon.

— The Epoch.

At the butcher's—"Mah mammy, she gwine ter hab comp'ny ternight. Wan's ter know 'f yo'll go len' her a hahm fer ter ornymen' de table viv."

New York .- Washington Letter.

cord, New Hampshire, and Bu-

-Scribner's Magazine.

To sleep in a coffin in darkness is almost to die.

In the morning you are surprised to be alive.

There is always a road to death and one must know that road well to get there on the stage.

Among my stage-deaths I count "Fedora" as an extremely unsatisfactory one.

the actual rainfall of the country. To see the nature and importance of this action we must turn aside for a moment to consider the origin of the rain which falls upon the land. The original source of this water supply is the sea, which sends into the lands a tolerably regular supply annually of moisture. When this falls as rain or snow, either of the two things may happen—the water may go away di-M. Sardou has not given me enough rectly to the sea, or it may return to his velvet cushions smokin' a golden pipe."
"You don't mean it!"

But if you have noticed me well you will have seen that the determination to die is made apparent early in the act and even emphasized.

streams. From a treetess region rapidly escapes; in an extensive region of virgin forest it may again and again pass from earth to air, and from air to earth. the means to do it with." "Like enuff-like enuff. Anyhow, I know I'd have me a good green and red gingham gown an' all the salt mack'rel I could eat for once." The columns of vapor, which in times of summer rain may be seen ascending from every great wood, af-ford visible evidence of the effect of the forests on rainfall. They also may show the observer some of the most beautiful phenomena of atmospheric circulation. In a summer rain shower the air above the trees becomes much cooler than it is in the recesses below their tents of foliage. The heated air within the woods seeks to rise and essip about her early life, makes mention of a wedding dinner-party she once at-

tended at Lexington. Va.

One of the married daughters of the cape in great columns whenever there is a wide gap between the branches; as soon as it attains the cooler level Can any one not an artist conceive is a wide gap between the branches; the pleasure of playing such a partacting slow death upon the stage?

It is the highest artistic delight possible to a great artist, and you can sible to a great artist, and you can such arged with steam. To replace the delight possible to a great artist, and you can such arged with steam. To replace the delight possible to a great artist, and you can such arged with steam. To replace the day of the married daughters of the hostess noticed that though her mother was presiding at the dinner-table with her usual grace yet fleeting expressions of pain passed over her face. At last the mother was president as a part and the property of the married daughters of the matried daughters of the mother was presiding at the dinner-table with her usual grace yet fleeting expressions of pain passed over her face. At last the dinner-table with her usual grace yet fleeting expressions of pain passed over her face. At last the dinner-table with her usual grace yet fleeting expressions of pain passed over her face. the daughter, take her place. A mo tion of the head answered: "No." When coffee was served in the draw-ing-room, the guests learned that the

> it had turned de the shoulders, whom berland mountains where the soil I'.
> on declivities if gr at e.s., s
> fer little wear as long as their natural
> protection is left to them. But as

obliged to take to her bed; but her training had made her willing to suffer acutely at her post rather than to disurb the enjoyment of her guests .-Youth's Companion.

obstacles of the fallen trees and en tangled driftwood. The brooks which are strong enough to clear their beds and cut into the earth and rock are few in number; we may often, on the flatter ground, find tracts of a square mile or so in area in which there is not ate, so an order was given to a a single stream that ever assails the to produce the work of art. It was surface of the earth. As soon, how-ever, as the forest mat is removed, the lmost finished when the old speculator was called to inspect it. It surface becomes seamed with chan-nels; they often, on the deforested surface, increase one hundred fold in their length and more than that meas-

> to cover the lions and Dan with a thick coat of black paint. When the son-in-law was presented

surface more soil than would be taken from it in a century of its forest state. en,'" replied the art critic.
"But I don't see either of them." "That makes no difference. They The burial-places of our Presidents are widely scattered. Washington lies at Mount Vernon; the two Adamses are buried under the old church at are in there. I saw 'em myself."-

es are buried under the old church at Quincy, Massachusetts; Jefferson rests at Monticello; Madison's grave is at Montpelier, not far from Monticello; Monroe's remains lie in the Richmond A man named Charles H. Constance vent out from New York to Butte City recently, and started a hotel. He tacked up a long list of "Rules of This House" which hinted at the bottom Cemetery; Jackson's grave is in front of his old residence, "The Hermitthat "the above would be rigidly enforced," as he was only just putting the hammer away when a prominent citizen came in and shoved his hat on the back of his head and began reading them. He studied them attentively for about a minute and turned around

> "Yes, sir, yes, sir; rules of this ouse. Can I do anything for you tohouse. Can I do anything for you to-day?"
> "Bove will be rigidly enforced, hey?
> Hev I got it all right?"
> "Er—yes, sir, I suppose they'll be enforced in a measure at least, sir.

won't enforce those rules at all-not if they conflict with anything. "Well, they conflict, everyone of "Of course, of course, but what with? "They conflict with me, you bleachedut, white-livered New Yorker; every-

onflict with me. "I-I-just hold on a minute, sir,

"Oh, aim at the rules, of course; point it right at the rules! That's what I put them up for-for guests to Then it sounded as if a large iron-

nent citizswirs had a

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TERMS:

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Astor and Vandor

which . sto and Vanderbilts live is amusing, and will doubtless be highly flattering to the persons named. A man traveling "down in Arkansas" heard two old women talking before a cabin door. One of them,

with a clay pipe between her lips, "It do beat all how some folkses has ev'rything a mortal body could ast fer, while others, like you an' me. Mis Peterby, is poorer'n Job's turkey all the born days of our lives. you've heern tell of them Vanderbilts

and Astors there in New York, an't you?" "Dunno but I have," said Miss Pe

"Well, I've lately heern some things bout how they carry on. My man he got it straight from Zimri Perkins, and Zim he got it from his wife's mother's uncle's nevvy, who takes a paper printed in New York, so it must be true."

"I an't a doubt of it."
"Well, if you'll b'leeve me, old Mis
Vanderbilt don't purtend to even wash
her own dishes. She don't even make her own bed-her nor Mis Astor neither, and they both sleep in pink velvet nightgowns trimmed in lace worth

\$1,000 a yard and embroidered in diamints that cost millions on millions." "The good land!" "Yes, sir! An' Mis Astor's bed stid is solid gold with diamint knobs on it big as goose eggs, an every time she goes out she has twenty coal black horses hitched up to her solid gold charyot, an she stands up in it, dress-ed all in white satin, with her hair

hangin' down her back, a-throwin \$20 gold pieces to the beggars!"

"Faw!" "Deed an' it's true-every word of t. An when Mr. and Mis Vanderbilt goes out they have their carriage drawn by forty milk-white steeds, with a coal-black nigger with a dismint ring in his nose leading ev'ry horse; an Vanderbilt he lays back on

"I do that. Oh, I tell you it's a fine thing to be rich, Mis Peterby; an' I reckon alike as not you an me'u carry on jest like that if we only had

"An' I'd git me some ginyuine Scotch snuff, I would." -Boston Cour-She Calmly Suffered Torture.

was too ill to remain and should she.

ostess had been obliged to "retire." Rather than disturb the company she had quietly endured torture.

A hornet had got caught under her cape and had traveled about stinging as he went. Search an outlet

out the poor

Daniel Was There.

A rich old speculator imagined that ne knew about art, whereas he was an gnoramus in regard to everything, in fact, except in making money. This old fraud determined to make a valuable present to his son-in-law, who was preacher.
It was suggested to him that an oil painting representing "Daniel in the Liens' Den" would be very appropri

sented a cross section of the den with Daniel walking about among the lions. When the old man saw the picture he refused to take it. He insisted that if Daniel was in the den neither he nor lions could be seen, and the artist had

mesh the earth, they sweep precious soil away toward the sea. In a single day a tilled field may lose from its with the picture he was somewhat dazed to know what it represented. "It represents Daniel in the Lions"

> Youth's Companion. They Will Not be Enforced.

> and said: "Rules of this house, hev, stranger?

"Will, hey, will they? When ye goin' ter begin enforcin' of 'em?" Why, my dear sir, you see perhaps

one of 'em conflicts with me personally! Rules spiked up around always

and I'll take those rules right down. "No, you don't, stranger; I'll tend to them air rules myself. I'm goin' to exercise my six-shooter a little in this 'ere office-shall I p'int it at you or at them rules?"

shoot at-shoot all you want to, don't mind me," and he put his hands over his ears and crawled behind the safe. clad had sailed into the office and was practicing on the clock teen-inch gun. allie ring as ho

"Am de Clay boys gwine tar be dar?"
"Umph." "Yo' go tell yo' mammy I
done shet down on de char't'ble interiah dec'ration bizness las' time dem
boys ate 'way frum hohm."—Tid-Bits. which I hoped was forgotten," she answered, and then passed on to another topic.

Neither Kate nor Cora saw Roy

Russian invented it.

"Silotwor" is a new explosive ten times the strength of gunpowder, exploiding without smoke or noise. A Russian invented it.

New York, which is much admired.

New York, which is much admired.

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